

Wide Mouth Mason "Alone"

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Out in the rain for the last time you stumble home
Telling yourself that you're better off all alone
Nobody complains about the dishes in the bedroom
Or counts all the corks of the bottles you consumed

The cat in the grocery bag on the kitchen floor
Is the sound you mistake for your lover coming through
the
Door
The radiator could've been the sound of turning keys
As you hear it from the bathroom where you're crying
on
Your knees

Tried to steal my soul
Spinning out of control
Took what I thought was mine
It's my turn, it's my time

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